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A

KEY

TO THE

LOCK.

OR,

A TREATISE proving, beyond all Contradiction, the dangerous Tendency of a late Poem, entituled, *The RAPE of the LOCK.*

TO

GOVERNMENT and RELIGION.

By ESDRAS BARNIVELT, Apoth.

The Second Edition.

To which are added commendatory Copies of Verses, by the most Eminent Political Wits of the Age.

LONDON:
Printed for J. ROBERTS near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1715.

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THE

Epiſtle Dedicatory to Mr. POPE.

THough it may ſeem foreign to my Profeſſion, which is that of making up and diſpenſing ſalutary Medicines to his Majeſty's Subjects, (I might ſay my Fellow-Subjects, ſince I have had the Advantage of being naturalized) yet cannot I think it unbecoming me to furniſh an Antidote againſt the Poyſon which hath been ſo artfully diſtilled through your Quill, and conveyed to the World through the pleaſing Vehicle of your Numbers. Nor is my Profeſſion as an Apothecary ſo abhorrent from yours as a Poet, ſince the Ancients have thought fit to make the ſame God the Patron of Both. I have, not without ſome Pleaſure, obſerv'd the myſtical Arms of our Company, wherein is repreſented Apollo *killing the fell Monſter* Python; *this in ſome meaſure admoniſhes me of my Duty, to trample upon and deſtroy, as much as in me lies, that Dragon, or baneful Serpent,* Popery.

I muſt take leave to make you my Patient, whether you will or no; though out of the Reſpect I have for you, I ſhould rather chuſe to apply Lenitive than Corroſive Medicines, happy, if they may prove an Emetic ſufficient to make you caſt up thoſe Errors, which you have imbibed in your Education, and which, I hope, I ſhall never live to ſee this Nation digeſt.

Sir, I cannot but lament, that a Gentleman of your acute Wit, rectified Underſtanding, and ſublimated Imagination, ſhould miſapply thoſe Talents to raiſe ill Humours in the Conſtitution of the Body Politick, of which your ſelf are a Member, and upon the Health whereof your own Pre-

servation depends. Give me leave to say, such Principles as yours would again reduce us to the fatal Necessity of the Phlebotomy of War, or the Caustick of Persecution.

In order to inform you of this, I have sought your Acquaintance and Conversation with the utmost Diligence; for I hoped in Person to persuade you to a publick Confession of your Fault, and a Recantation of these dangerous Tenets. But finding all my Endeavours ineffectual, and being satisfied with the Conscience of having done all that became a Man of an honest Heart and honourable Intention; I could no longer emit my Duty in opening the Eyes of the World by the Publication of this Discourse. It was indeed written some Months since, but seems not the less proper at this Juncture, when I find so universal Encouragement given by both Parties to the Author of a libellous Work that is designed equally to prejudice them both. The uncommon Sale of this Book (for above 6000 of 'em have been already vended) was also a farther Reason that call'd aloud upon me to put a stop to its further Progress, and to preserve his Majesty's Subjects, by exposing the whole Artifice of your Poem in Publick.

Sir, to address my self to so florid a Writer as you, without collecting all the Flowers of Rhetorick, would be an unpardonable Indecorum; *but when I speak to the World, as I do in the following Treatise, I must use a simple Stile, since it would be absurd to prescribe an universal Medicine, or* Catholicon, *in a Language not universally understood.*

As I have always professed to have a particular Esteem for Men of Learning, and more especially for your self, nothing but the Love of Truth should have engaged me in a Design of this Nature. Amicus Plato, Amicus Socrates, sed magis Amica Veritas. *I am*

Your most Sincere Friend,
and Humble Servant,
E. Barnivelt.

To

To my much Honoured and Esteemed Friend, Mr. E. BARNIVELT, *Author of the* Key to the Lock. *An* ANAGRAM *and* ACROSTICK. *By* N. CASLETON, *A Well-willer to the Coalition of Parties.*

BARNIVELT.

Anagram,

UNBAREL IT.

Barrels conceal the Liquor they contain,
And Sculls are but the Barrels of the Brain.
Ripe Politicks the Nation's Barrel fill,
None can like thee its Fermentation ſtill.
Ingenious Writer, leſt thy Barrel ſplit,
Unbarrel thy juſt Senſe, and broach thy Wit.
Extract from *Tory* Barrels all *French* Juice,
Let not the *Whigs Geneva*'s Stumm infuſe,
Then ſhall thy Barrel be of gen'ral Uſe.

N. CASLETON.

To

To the Ingenious Mr. E. BARNIVELT.

HAIL, dear Collegiate, Fellow-Operator,
Cenſor of Tories, Preſident of Satyr,
Whoſe fragrant Wit revives, as one may ſay,
The ſtupid World, like *Aſſa fetida.*
How ſafe muſt be the King upon his Throne,
When *Barnivelt* no Faction lets alone.
Of ſecret Jeſuits ſwift ſhall be the Doom,
Thy Peſtle braining all the Sons of *Rome.*
Before thy Pen vaniſh the Nation's Ills,
As all Diſeaſes fly before thy Pills.
Such Sheets as theſe, whate'er be the Diſaſter,
Well ſpread with Senſe, ſhall be the Nation's Plaiſter.

HIGH GERMAN DOCTOR.

To

To my Ingenious Friend, the Author of the Key to the Lock.

THO' many a Wit from time to time has (roſe
T' *inform* the World of what *it better* (*knows*,
Yet 'tis a Praiſe that few their own can call,
To tell Men things they never *knew at all.*
This was reſerv'd, Great *Barnivelt*, for Thee,
To ſave this Land from dangerous Myſtery.
But thou too gently haſt laid on thy Satyr;
What awes the World is Envy and ill Nature.
Can Popiſh Writings do the Nations good?
Each Drop of Ink demands a Drop of Blood.
A Papiſt wear the Lawrel! is it fit?
O *Button!* ſummon all thy Sons of Wit!
Join in the common Cauſe e'er 'tis too late;
Rack your Inventions ſome, and ſome *in time* (tranſlate.
If all this fail, let Faggot, Cart, and Rope,
Revenge our Wits and Stateſmen on a *Pope.*

The GRUMBLER.

To the most Learned Pharmacopolitan, and Excellent Politician, Mr. ESDRAS BARNIVELT.

By Sir JAMES BAKER, *Knt.*

THE *Spaniard* hides his Ponyard in his (Cloke,
The Papist masques his Treason in a Joke;
But ev'n as Coughs thy *Spanish* Liquorish heals,
So thy deep Knowledge dark Designs reveals.
Oh had I been Ambassador created, (lated,
Thy Works in *Spanish* shou'd have been trans-
Thy Politicks should ope the Eyes of *Spain*,
And, like true *Sevil* Snuff, awake the Brain.
Go on, Great Wit, contemn thy Foe's Bravado,
In thy defence I'll draw *Toledo*'s Spado.
Knighthoods on those have been conferr'd of late,
Who save our Eyesight, or wou'd save our State,
Unenvy'd Titles grace our mighty Names,
The learn'd Sir *William*, or the deep Sir *James*.
Still may those Honours be as justly dealt,
And thou be stil'd Sir *Esdras Barnivelt*.

JAMES BAKER, Knt.

A KEY to the *LOCK*.

SINCE this unhappy Diviſion of our Nation into Parties, it is not to be imagined how many Artifices have been made uſe of by Writers to obſcure the Truth, and cover Deſigns, which may be detrimental to the Publick; in particular, it has been their Cuſtom of late to vent their Political Spleen in Allegory and Fable. If an honeſt believing Nation is to be made a Jeſt of, we have a Story of *John Bull* and his Wife; if a Treaſurer is to be glanced at, an *Ant* with a *white Straw* is introduced; if a Treaty of Commerce is to be ridiculed, 'tis immediately metamorphoſed into a Tale of Count *Tariff*.

But if any of theſe Malevolents have never ſo ſmall a Talent in Rhime, they principally delight to convey their Malice in that pleaſing way, as it were, gilding the Pill, and concealing the Poyſon under the Sweetneſs of Numbers. Who could imagine that an *Original Canto* of *Spencer* ſhould contain a Satyr upon one Adminiſtration; or that *Tarbel*'s *Kitchin*,

or the *Dogs of Egypt*, ſhould be a Sarcaſm upon another.

It is the Duty of every well deſigning Subject to prevent, as far as in him lies, the ill Conſequences of ſuch pernicious Treatiſes; and I hold it mine to warn the Publick of the late Poem, entituled, the *RAPE of the LOCK*; which I ſhall demonſtrate to be of this nature. Many of theſe ſort of Books have been bought by honeſt and well-meaning People purely for their Diverſion, who have in the end found themſelves inſenſibly led into the Violence of Party Spirit, and many domeſtick Quarrels have been occaſioned by the different Application of theſe Books. The Wife of an eminent Citizen grew very noiſy upon reading *Bob Huſh*; *John Bull*, upon *Change*, was thought not only to concern the State, but to affront the City; and the Poem we are now treating of, has not only diſſolved an agreeable Aſſembly of Beaus and Belles, but (as I am told) has ſet Relations at as great a diſtance, as if they were married together.

It is a common and juſt Obſervation, that when the Meaning of any thing is dubious, one can no way better judge of the true Intent of it, than by conſidering who is the Author, what is his Character in general, and his Diſpoſition in particular.

Now that the Author of this Poem is profeſſedly a *Papiſt*, is well known; and that a Genius ſo capable of doing Service to that Cauſe, may have been corrupted in the Courſe of

of his Education by *Jeſuits* or others, is juſtly very much to be ſuſpected; notwithſtanding that ſeeming *Coolneſs* and *Moderation*, which he has been (perhaps artfully) reproached with, by thoſe of his own Profeſſion. They are ſenſible that this Nation is ſecured with good and wholeſome Laws, to prevent all evil Practices of the Church of *Rome*; particularly the Publication of Books, that may in any ſort propagate that Doctrine: Their Authors are therefore obliged to couch their Deſigns the deeper; and tho' I cannot averr that the Intention of this Gentleman was directly to ſpread Popiſh Doctrines, yet it comes to the ſame Point, if he touch the Government: For the Court of *Rome* knows very well, that the Church at this time is ſo firmly founded on the State, that the only way to ſhake the one is by attacking the other.

What confirms me in this Opinion, is an accidental Diſcovery I made of a very artful Piece of Management among his Popiſh Friends and Abettors, to hide this whole Deſign upon the Government, by taking all the Characters upon themſelves.

Upon the Day that this Poem was publiſhed, it was my Fortune to ſtep into the *Cocoa Tree*, where a certain Gentleman was railing very liberally at the Author, with a Paſſion extremely well counterfeited, for having (as he ſaid) reflected upon him in the Character of *Sir Plume*. Upon his going out, I enquired who he was, and they told me, *a Roman Catholick Knight*.

I was the ſame Evening at *Will*'s, and ſaw a Circle round another Gentleman, who was railing in like manner, and ſhewing his Snuff-box and Cane, to prove he was ſatyrized in the ſame Character. I asked this Gentleman's Name, and was told, he was *a Roman Catholick Lord.*

A Day or two after I was ſent for, upon a ſlight Indiſpoſition, to the young Lady's to whom the Poem is dedicated. She alſo took up the Character of *Belinda* with much Frankneſs and good Humour, tho' the Author has given us a Key in his * Dedication, that he meant ſomething further. This Lady is alſo a *Roman Catholick.* At the ſame time others of the Characters were claim'd by ſome Perſons in the Room; and all of them *Roman Catholicks.*

But to proceed to the Work it ſelf.

In all things which are intricate, as Allegories in their own Nature are, and eſpecially thoſe that are induſtriouſly made ſo, it is not to be expected we ſhould find the Clue at firſt ſight; but when once we have laid hold on that, we ſhall trace this our Author through all the Labyrinths, Doublings and Turnings of this intricate Compoſition.

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* *The Character of* Belinda *(as it is here manag'd) reſembles you in nothing but in Beauty.* Dedication to the *Rape of the Lock.*

First then let it be obſerved, that in the moſt demonſtrative Sciences, ſome *Poſtulata* are to be granted, upon which the reſt is naturally founded. I ſhall deſire no more than one *Poſtulatum* to render this obvious to the meaneſt Capacity; which being granted me, I ſhall not only ſhew the Intent of this Work in general, but alſo explain the very *Names*, and expoſe all his fictitious *Characters* in their true Light; and we ſhall find, that even his *Spirits* were not meerly contrived for the ſake of *Machinary*.

The only Conceſſion which I deſire to be made me, is, that by the *Lock* is meant

The BARRIER TREATY.

I. Firſt then I ſhall diſcover, that BELINDA repreſents GREAT BRITAIN, or (which is the ſame thing) her late MAJESTY. This is plainly ſeen in his Deſcription of her.

On her white Breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe bore.

Alluding to the antient Name of *Albion*, from her *white Cliffs*, and to the *Croſs*, which is the Enſign of *England*.

II. The BARON, who cuts off the Lock, or Barrier Treaty, is the E. of *O——d*.

III. CLARISSA, who lent the Sciſſars, my Lady *M——m*.

IV. THALESTRIS, who provokes *Belinda* to reſent the Loſs of the Lock or Treaty, the D——s of *M——gh*.

V. SIR PLUME, who is mov'd by *Thaleſtris* to redemand it of *Great Britain*, P—ce *Eu—ne*, who came hither for that purpoſe.

There are other inferior Characters, which we ſhall obſerve upon afterwards; but I ſhall firſt explain the foregoing.

The firſt Part of the *Baron*'s Character is his being *adventrous*, or enterprizing, which is the common Epithet given the E— of *O——d* by his Enemies. The Prize he aſpires to is the T——y, in order to which he offers a Sacrifice.

——————————*an Altar built*
Of twelve vaſt French *Romances neatly gilt.*

Our Author here takes occaſion maliciouſly to inſinuate this Stateſman's *Love to France*; repreſenting the Books he chiefly ſtudies to be vaſt *French Romances*. Theſe are the vaſt Proſpects from the Friendſhip and Alliance of *France*, which he ſatyrically calls *Romances*, hinting thereby, that theſe Promiſes and Proteſtations were no more to be relied on than thoſe idle Legends. Of theſe he is ſaid to build an Altar; to intimate, that all the Foundation of his Schemes and Honours was fix'd upon the *French Romances* above-mentioned.

A Fan, a Garter, Half a Pair of Gloves.

One

One of the Things he ſacrifices is a *Fan*, which both for its *gaudy Show* and *perpetual Flutt'ring*, has been made the Emblem of *Woman*. This points at the Change of the *Ladies* of the *Bed-chamber*; the *Garter* alludes to the Honours he conferr'd on ſome of his Friends; and we may without ſtraining the Senſe, call the Half Pair of Gloves, a *Gauntlet*; the Token of thoſe Military Employments, which he is ſaid to have ſacrificed to his Deſigns. The Prize, as I ſaid before, means the T——y, which he makes it his Prayers *ſoon to obtain*, and *long to poſſeſs*.

The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his Pray'r,
The reſt the Winds diſpers'd in empty Air.

In the firſt of theſe Lines he gives him the T——y, and in the laſt ſuggeſts that he ſhould not long poſſeſs that Honour.

That *Thaleſtris* is the D——s of *M——gh*, appears both by her Nearneſs to *Belinda*, and by this Author's malevolent Suggeſtion, that ſhe is a Lover of War.

To Arms, to Arms, the bold Thaleſtris *cries.*

But more particularly in ſeveral Paſſages in her Speech to *Belinda*, upon the cutting off the Lock, or Treaty. Among other Things ſhe ſays, *Was it for this you bound your Locks in Paper Durance?* Was it for this ſo much Paper has been ſpent to ſecure the Barrier Treaty?

Me-

Methinks already I your Tears ſurvey,
Already hear the horrid Things they ſay;
Already ſee you a degraded Toaſt.

This deſcribes the Aſperſions under which that good Princeſs ſuffer'd, and the Repentance which muſt have followed the Diſſolution of that Treaty, and particularly levels at the Refuſal ſome People made to drink Her M—y's Health.

Sir Plume (a proper Name for a Soldier) has all the Circumſtances that agree with P—ce *Eu——ne.*

Sir Plume *of Amber Snuff-box juſtly vain,*
And the nice Conduct of a clouded Cane,
With earneſt Eyes ——

'Tis remarkable, this General is a great Taker of Snuff as well as Towns; his Conduct of the clouded Cane gives him the Honour which is ſo juſtly his due, of an exact Conduct in Battle, which is figured by his Truncheon, the Enſign of a General. His earneſt Eye, or the Vivacity of his Look, is ſo particularly remarkable in him, that this Character could be miſtaken for no other, had not this Author purpoſely obſcur'd it by the fictitious Circumſtance of a *round, unthinking Face.*

Having now explained the chief Characters of his *Human Perſons* (for there are ſome others that will hereafter fall in by the by, in the

the Sequel of this Diſcourſe) I ſhall next take in pieces his *Machinary*, wherein his Satyr is wholly confined to Miniſters of State.

The SYLPHS and GNOMES at firſt ſight appeared to me to ſignify the two contending Parties of this Nation; for theſe being placed in the *Air*, and thoſe on the *Earth*, I thought agreed very well with the common Denomination, HIGH and LOW. But as they are made to be the firſt Movers and Influencers of all that happens, 'tis plain they repreſent promiſcuouſly the *Heads of Parties*, whom he makes to be the Authors of all thoſe Changes in the State, which are generally imputed to the Levity and Inſtability of the *Britiſh* Nation.

This erring Mortals Levity may call,
Oh blind to Truth! The Sylphs contrive it all.

But of this he has given us a plain Demonſtration; for ſpeaking of theſe Spirits, he ſays in expreſs Terms,

——*The chief the Care of Nations own,*
And guard with Arms Divine the Britiſh *Throne.*

And here let it not ſeem odd, if in this myſterious way of Writing, we find the ſame Perſon, who has before been repreſented by the *Baron*, again deſcribed in the Character of *Ariel*; it being a common way with Authors, in this fabulous Manner, to take ſuch a Liber-

ty. As for inſtance, I have read in the *Engliſh St. Evremont*, that all the different Characters in *Petronius* are but *Nero* in ſo many different Appearances. And in the Key to the curious Romance of *Barclay*'s *Argenis*, that both *Poliarchus* and *Archombrotus* mean only the *King* of *Navarre*.

We obſerve in the very Beginning of the Poem, that *Ariel* is poſſeſs'd of the Ear of *Belinda*; therefore it is abſolutely neceſſary that this Perſon muſt be the Miniſter who was neareſt the Queen. But whoever would be further convinc'd, that he meant the late T——r, may know him by his Enſigns in the following Line.

He rais'd his Azure Wand.——

His ſitting on the Maſt of a Veſſel ſhows his preſiding over the *S——th S—a* Tr——de. When *Ariel* aſſigns to his *Sylphs* all the Poſts about *Belinda*, what is more clearly deſcribed, than the Tr——r's diſpoſing all the Places of the Kingdom, and particularly about her M——y? But let us hear the Lines.

——*Ye Spirits to your Charge repair,*
The flutt'ring Fan be Zephyretta's *Care*;
The Drops to thee, Brillante, *we conſign,*
And, Momentilla, *let the Watch be thine:*
Do thou, Criſpiſſa, *tend her fav'rite Lock.*

He has here particularized the Ladies and Women

men of the Bed-Chamber, the Keeper of the Cabinet, and her M——y's Dreſſer, and impudently given Nick-names to each.

To put this Matter beyond all Diſpute, the *Sylphs* are ſaid to be *wond'rous fond of Place*, in the Canto following, where *Ariel* is perched uppermoſt, and all the reſt take their Places ſubordinately under him.

Here again I cannot but obſerve, the exceſſive Malignity of this Author, who could not leave this Character of *Ariel* without the ſame invidious Stroke which he gave him in the Character of the *Baron* before.

Amaz'd, confus'd, he ſaw his Power expir'd,
Reſign'd to Fate, and with a Sigh retir'd.

Being another Prophecy that he ſhould reſign his Place, which it is probable all Miniſters do with a Sigh.

At the Head of the *Gnomes* he ſets *Umbriel*, a dusky melancholy Spright, who makes it his Buſineſs to give *Belinda* the Spleen; a vile and malicious Suggeſtion againſt ſome grave and worthy Miniſter. The Vapours, Fantoms, Viſions, and the like, are the Jealouſies, Fears, and Cries of Danger, that have ſo often affrighted and alarm'd the Nation. Thoſe who are deſcribed in the Houſe of Spleen, under thoſe ſeveral fantaſtical Forms, are the ſame whom their Ill-willers have ſo often called the *Whimſical*.

The two fore-going Spirits being the only conſiderable Characters of the Machinary, I ſhall but juſt mention the *Sylph* that is wounded with the Sciſſars at the Loſs of the Lock, by whom is undoubtedly underſtood my L—d *To——d*, who at that Time received a Wound in his Character for making the Barrier Treaty, and was cut out of his Employment upon the Diſſolution of it; But that Spirit reunites, and receives no Harm; to ſignify, that it came to nothing, and his L-rdſh-p had no real Hurt by it.

But I muſt not conclude this Head of the Characters, without obſerving, that our Author has run through every Stage of Beings in ſearch of Topicks for Detraction; and as he has characteriz'd ſome Perſons under Angels and Men, ſo he has others under Animals, and Things inanimate. He has repreſented an eminent Clergy-man as a Dog, and a noted Writer as a Tool. Let us examine the former.

—*But* Shock, *who thought ſhe ſlept too long,*
Leapt up, and wak'd his Miſtreſs with his Tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, *if Report ſay true,*
Thy Eyes firſt open'd on a Billet-doux.

By this *Shock*, it is manifeſt he has moſt audaciouſly and profanely reflected on Dr. *Sa--ch--ll*, who leap'd up, that is, into the Pulpit, and awaken'd *Great Britain* with his *Tongue*, that is, with his *Sermon*, which made ſo much *Noiſe*; and for which he has frequently been term'd by

by others of his Enemies, as well as by this Author, a Dog: Or perhaps, by his *Tongue*, may be more literally meant his *Speech* at his *Trial*, ſince immediately thereupon, our Author ſays, her Eyes open'd on a *Billet-doux*; *Billets-doux* being Addreſſes to Ladies from Lovers, may be aptly interpreted thoſe Addreſſes of Loving Subjects to her M———y, which enſued that Trial.

The other Inſtance is at the End of the third Canto.

Steel did the Labours of the Gods deſtroy,
And ſtrike to Duſt th' Imperial Tow'rs of Troy.
Steel could the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground.

Here he moſt impudently attributes the Demolition of *Dunkirk*, not to the Pleaſure of her M——y, or her Miniſtry, but to the frequent Inſtigations of his Friend Mr. *Steel*; a very artful Pun to conceal his wicked Lampoonery!

Having now conſider'd the general Intent and Scope of the Poem, and open'd the Characters, I ſhall next diſcover the Malice which is covered under the Epiſodes, and particular Paſſages of it.

The Game at *Ombre* is a myſtical Repreſentation of the late War, which is hinted by his making Spades the Trump; Spade in *Spaniſh* ſignifying a Sword, and being yet ſo painted in the Cards of that Nation; to which it is well

well known we owe the Original of our Cards. In this one Place indeed he has unawares paid a Compliment to the Queen, and her Succeſs in the War; for *Belinda* gets the better of the two that play againſt her, the Kings of *France* and *Spain*.

I do not queſtion but ev'ry particular Card has its Perſon and Character aſſign'd, which, no doubt, the Author has told his Friends in private; but I ſhall only inſtance in the Deſcription of the Diſgrace under which the D— of *M———gh* then ſuffer'd, which is ſo apparent in theſe Verſes.

(threw,
Ev'n mighty Pam, *that Kings and Queens o'er-*
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of Lu,
Sad Chance of War! now deſtitute of Aid,
Falls undiſtinguiſh'd———

That the Author here had an Eye to our modern Tranſactions, is very plain from an unguarded Stroke towards the End of this Game.

And now, as oft in ſome diſtemper'd State,
On one nice Trick *depends the gen'ral Fate.*

After the Concluſion of the War, the publick Rejoicings and *Thankſgivings* are ridiculed in the two following Lines.

The Nymph exulting, fills with Shouts the Sky,
The Walls, the Woods, and long Canals reply.

Imme-

Immediately upon which there follows a malicious Inſinuation, in the manner of a Prophecy, (which we have formerly obſerv'd this ſeditious Writer delights in) that the Peace ſhould continue but a ſhort Time, and that the Day ſhould afterwards be curſt which was then celebrated with ſo much Joy.

Sudden theſe Honours ſhall be ſnatch'd away,
And curſt for ever this victorious Day.

As the Game at *Ombre* is a ſatyrical Repreſentation of the late War; ſo is the Tea-Table that enſues, of the Council-Table and its Conſultations after the Peace. By this he would hint, that all the Advantages we have gain'd by our late extended Commerce, are only Coffee and Tea, or Things of no greater Value. That he thought of the Trade in this Place, appears by the Paſſage where he repreſents the *Sylphs* particularly careful of the *rich Brocade*; it having been a frequent Complaint of our Mercers, that *French Brocades* were imported in too great Quantities. I will not ſay, he means thoſe Preſents of rich Gold Stuff Suits, which were ſaid to be made her M—y by the K— of *F*——, tho' I cannot but ſuſpect, that he glances at it.

Here this Author, as well as the ſcandalous *John Dunton*, repreſents the Mi——ry in plain Terms taking frequent Cups.

And frequent Cups prolong the rich Repaſt.

Upon

Upon the whole, it is manifeſt he meant ſomething more than common Coffee, by his calling it,

Coffee that makes the Politician *wiſe.*

And by telling us, it was this Coffee, that

Sent up in Vapours to the Baron's *Brain*
New Stratagems ——

I ſhall only further obſerve, that 'twas at this Table the Lock was cut off; for where but at the Council Board ſhould the Barrier Treaty be diſſolved?

The enſuing Contentions of the Parties upon the Loſs of that Treaty, are deſcribed in the Squabbles following the Rape of the Lock; and this he raſhly expreſſes, without any diſguiſe in the Words.

All ſide in Parties ——

Here firſt you have a Gentleman who ſinks beſide his Chair: A plain Alluſion to a Noble Lord, who loſt his Chair of Pre——nt of the Co——l.

I come next to the *Bodkin*, ſo dreadful in the Hand of *Belinda*; by which he intimates the *Britiſh Scepter*, ſo rever'd in the Hand of our late Auguſt Princeſs. His own Note upon this Place tells us he alludes to a Scepter; and the Verſes are ſo plain, they need no Remark.

The

The ſame (his ancient Perſonage to deck)
Her great great Grandſire wore about his Neck
In three Seal Rings, which, after melted down,
Form'd a vaſt Buckle for his Widow's Gown;
Her Infant Grandame's Whiſtle next it grew,
The Bells ſhe gingled, and the Whiſtle blew,
Then in a Bodkin grac'd her Mother's Hairs,
Which long ſhe wore, and now Belinda *wears.*

An open Satyr upon *Hereditary Right.* The three Seal Rings plainly allude to the three Kingdoms.

Theſe are the chief Paſſages in the Battle, by which, as hath before been ſaid, he means the Squabble of Parties. Upon this Occaſion he could not end the Deſcription of them, without teſtifying his malignant Joy at thoſe Diſſentions, from which he forms the Proſpect that *both* ſhould be diſappointed, and cries out with Triumph, as if it were already accompliſhed.

Behold how oft ambitious Arms are croſt,
And Chiefs contend till all the Prize is loſt.

The Lock at length is turn'd into a *Star*, or the Old Barrier Treaty into a new and glorious *Peace*; this no doubt is what the Author, at the time he printed his Poem, would have been thought to mean, in hopes by that Complement to eſcape Puniſhment for the reſt of his Piece. It puts me in mind of a Fellow, who concluded a bitter Lampoon upon the

Prince and Court of his Days, with theſe Lines.

God ſave the King, the Commons, and the Peers,
And grant the Author long may wear his Ears.

Whatever this Author may think of that Peace, I imagine it the moſt *extraordinary Star* that ever appear'd in our Hemiſphere. A Star that is to bring us all the Wealth and Gold of the *Indies*; and from whoſe Influence, not Mr. *John Partridge* alone, (whoſe worthy Labours this Writer ſo ungenerouſly ridicules) but all true *Britains* may, with no leſs Authority than he, prognoſticate the Fall of *Lewis*, in the Reſtraint of the exorbitant Power of *France*, and the Fate of *Rome* in the triumphant Condition of the Church of *England*.

We have now conſidered this Poem in its Political View, wherein we have ſhewn that it hath two different Walks of Satyr, the one in the Story it ſelf, which is a Ridicule on the late Tranſactions in general; the other in the Machinary, which is a Satyr on the Miniſters of State in particular. I ſhall now ſhow that the ſame Poem, taken in another Light, has a Tendency to Popery, which is ſecretly inſinuated through the whole.

In the firſt place, he has conveyed to us the Doctrine of Guardian Angels and Patron Saints in the Machinary of his *Sylphs*, which being a Piece of Popiſh Superſtition that hath been endea-

endeavoured to be exploded ever ſince the Reformation, he would here revive under this Diſguiſe. Here are all the Particulars which they believe of thoſe Beings, which I ſhall ſum up in a few Heads.

1*ſt.* The Spirits are made to concern themſelves with all human Acts in general.

2*dly.* A diſtinct Guardian Spirit or Patron is aſſigned to each Perſon in particular.

Of theſe am I, who thy Protection claim,
A watchful Sprite ———

3*dly.* They are made directly to inſpire Dreams, Viſions, and Revelations.

Her Guardian Sylph *prolong'd her balmy Reſt,*
'Twas he had ſummon'd to her ſilent Bed
The Morning Dream ———

4*thly.* They are made to be ſubordinate, in different Degrees, ſome preſiding over others. So *Ariel* hath his ſeveral Under-Officers at Command.

Superior by the Head was Ariel *plac'd.*

5*thly.* They are employed in various Offices, and each hath his Office aſſigned him.

Some in the Fields of pureſt Æther play,
And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day.
Some guide the Courſe, &c.

6thly. He hath given his Spirits the Charge of the ſeveral Parts of Dreſs; intimating thereby, that the Saints preſide over the ſeveral Parts of Human Bodies. They have one Saint to cure the Tooth-ach, another cures the Gripes, another the Gout, and ſo of all the reſt.

The flutt'ring Fan be Zephyretta's *Care,*
The Drops to thee, Brillante, *we conſign,* &c.

7thly. They are repreſented to know the Thoughts of Men.

As on the Noſegay in her Breaſt reclin'd,
He watch'd th' Ideas riſing in her Mind.

8thly. They are made Protectors even to Animal, and irrational Beings.

Ariel *himſelf ſhall be the Guard of* Shock.

So St. *Anthony* preſides over Hogs, *&c.*

9thly. Others are made Patrons of whole Kingdoms and Provinces.

Of theſe the chief the Care of Nations own.

So St. *George* is imagined by the *Papiſts* to defend *England*; St. *Patrick*, *Ireland*; St. *James*, *Spain*, &c. Now what is the Conſequence of all this? By granting that they have this Power, we muſt be brought back again to pray to them.

The

The *Toilette* is an artful Recommendation of the *Maſs*, and pompous Ceremonies of the *Church of Rome*. The *unveiling* of the *Altar*, the *Silver Vaſes* upon it, being *rob'd* in *White*, as the Prieſts are upon the chief Feſtivals, and the *Head uncover'd*, are manifeſt Marks of this.

A heav'enly Image in the Glaſs appears,
To that ſhe bends ———

Plainly denotes *Image-Worſhip*.

The *Goddeſs*, who is deck'd with *Treaſures*, *Jewels*, and the *various Offerings of the World*, manifeſtly alludes to the Lady of *Loretto*. You have Perfumes breathing from the *Incenſe Pot* in the following Line.

And all Arabia *breaths from yonder Box.*

The Character of *Belinda*, as we take it in this third View, repreſents the Popiſh Religion, or the Whore of *Babylon*; who is deſcribed in the State this malevolent Author wiſhes for, coming forth in all her Glory upon the *Thames*, and overſpreading the Nation with Ceremonies.

Not with more Glories in th'atherial Plain,
The Sun firſt riſes o'er the purple Main,
Than iſſuing forth the Rival of his Beams,
Launch'd on the Boſom of the Silver Thames.

She

She is dreſs'd with a *Croſs* on her Breaſt, the Enſign of Popery, the *Adoration* of which is plainly recommended in the following Lines.

On her white Breaſt a ſparkling Croſs *ſhe wore,*
Which Jews might kiſs, *and Infidels* adore.

Next he repreſents her as the *Univerſal Church*, according to the Boaſts of the Papiſts.

And like the Sun ſhe ſhines on all alike.

After which he tells us,

If to her Share ſome Female Errors fall,
Look on her Face, and you'll forget them all.

Tho' it ſhould be granted ſome Errors fall to her Share, look on the pompous Figure ſhe makes throughout the World, and they are not worth regarding. In the Sacrifice following ſoon after, you have theſe two Lines.

For this, e'er Phœbus *roſe, he had implor'd*
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd.

In the firſt of them, he plainly hints at their *Matins*; in the ſecond, by adoring ev'ry Power, the *Invocation of Saints.*

Belinda's Viſits are deſcribed with numerous *Wax-lights*, which are always uſed in the Ceremonial Parts of the *Romiſh* Worſhip.

—— *Viſits*

——*Viſits ſhall be paid on ſolemn Days,*
When num'rous Wax-lights in bright Order blaze.

The *Lunar Sphere* he mentions, opens to us their *Purgatory*, which is ſeen in the following Line.

Since all Things loſt on Earth are treaſur'd there.

It is a Popiſh Doctrine, that ſcarce any Perſon quits this World, but he muſt touch at Purgatory in his Way to Heaven; and it is here alſo repreſented as the *Treaſury* of the *Romiſh Church*. Nor is it much to be wonder'd at, that the *Moon* ſhould be *Purgatory*, when a Learn'd Divine hath in a late Treatiſe proved *Hell* to be in the *Sun* *.

I ſhall now before I conclude, deſire the Reader to compare this Key with thoſe upon any other Pieces, which are ſuppoſed to be ſecret Satyrs upon the State, either antient or modern; as with thoſe upon *Petronius Arbiter*, *Lucian*'s true Hiſtory, *Barclay*'s *Argenis*, or *Rablais*'s *Garagantua*; and I doubt not he will do me the Juſtice to acknowledge, that the Explanations here laid down, are deduced as naturally, and with as little Force, both from the general Scope and Bent of the Work, and from the ſeveral Particulars, and are every Way as

* *The Reverend Dr.* Swinden.

conſiſtent

conſiſtent and undeniable as any of thoſe; and ev'ry way as candid as any modern Interpretations of either Party, on the myſterious State Treatiſes of our Times.

To ſum up my whole Charge againſt this Author in a few Words: He has ridiculed both the preſent Mi——ry and the laſt; abuſed great Stateſmen and great Generals; nay the Treaties of whole Nations have not eſcaped him, nor has the Royal Dignity it ſelf been omitted in the Progreſs of his Satyr; and all this he has done juſt at the Meeting of a new Parliament. I hope a proper Authority may be made uſe of to bring him to condign Puniſhment: In the mean while I doubt not, if the Perſons moſt concern'd would but order Mr. *Bernard Lintott*, the Printer and Publiſher of this dangerous Piece, to be taken into Cuſtody, and examin'd; many further Diſcoveries might be made both of this Poet's and his Abettor's ſecret Deſigns, which are doubtleſs of the utmoſt Importance to the Government.

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FINIS.